

*Prince.* Faith, tell mee now in earnest, how came *Falstaffe* sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said hee would sweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeere before, I blush to heare his monstrous deuices.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold purses.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is 't agoe, *lacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knees?

*Fal.* My owne Knees? when I was about thy yeeres. (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles talon in the waste: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of fighting and grieffe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow, of the North *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a Welsh hook; what a plague call you him?

*Poy.* O *Glendower*!

*Fal.* Owen *Glendower*, the same, and his sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of *Scottes*, *Douglas*, that runs a horsebacke vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll killeth a Sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prince.* So did he neuer the Sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath good metall in him, he will not runne.

*Prince.* Why; what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Fal.* A horse-backe (ye Cuckee) but on foote hee will not budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *lacke*, vpon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, hee is there too, and one *Mordeke*, and a thousand blue Caps more. *Worcester* is stolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

*Prin.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffering hold, wee shall buy Mayden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Masse, Lad, thou saist true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, Art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out three such Enemies againe, as that fiend *Douglas*, that spruce *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afeard? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Not awhit yfaith: I lacke some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt bee horribly childe to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue mee, practise an answere.

*Prince.* Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this Chaire shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushin my Crowne.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a ioynd stooie, thy golden Scepter for a leden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pitifull bald Crowne.

*Fal.* Well; and the fire of Grace bee not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue wept: For I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyse* vein.